

Angry Dwarfs Location Crank Crank Caverns, aka Rainford Delph Quarry private property.
Eighteenth century.

A local legend says that these caves were once the haunt of several angry dwarfs that were known to kill local children. Soldiers investigated and found human remains in the cave - that section was soon sealed by either natural rock fall or gunpowder.

Title: The Legend of Crank Caverns

Once, in a time shrouded by mist and mystery, nestled amidst the rugged terrain of Rainford Delph Quarry, there lay a secret that whispered through the village of Crank. It was a tale of dread, a legend of angry dwarfs that echoed through the centuries.

In the heart of Crank, there stood Crank Caverns, where men toiled for centuries, carving stone from the earth's embrace. Yet, beneath its surface, beyond the reach of daylight, there existed a world unseen, a realm where shadows held dominion.

The legend spoke of dwarfs, not the cheerful miners of folklore, but vengeful spirits, cursed by an ancient sorrow. They were said to harbor a deep-seated rage, born from a time long past, when the land was torn by strife and sorrow.

Whispers drifted from one generation to the next, tales of children who dared venture too close to the cavern's yawning mouth, never to return. Fear gripped the hearts of parents, and the village lived in a state of uneasy vigilance.

Then, in a hushed and anxious council, the decision was made. Soldiers, their armor gleaming in the weak light, descended into the earth's dark belly, determined to unveil the truth behind the malevolent myth.

As they delved deeper into the cold, damp tunnels, their torchlight danced along the gnarled walls, revealing forgotten chambers and winding passages. The air grew thick with tension, suffused with an oppressive energy.

Finally, they arrived at a chamber bathed in an eerie, bluish light. There, amid the echoing silence, they discovered the remnants of a forgotten world. Human bones lay strewn, a macabre mosaic of sorrow and suffering.

It was then that they sensed it, an unspoken presence that seemed to whisper through the stones. The dwarfs, the angry spirits, seemed to lurk just beyond the edge of sight, their restless souls bound to this desolate place.

With grim determination, the soldiers set to work, sealing off that accursed chamber, burying the remains and the malevolence that clung to them. Rocks tumbled, and gunpowder roared, sealing the dark secret within an impenetrable tomb.

As the final echoes of the explosion faded, a palpable sense of relief washed over the soldiers. They emerged from the depths, their faces drawn but resolute. The legend of the angry dwarfs would haunt the village no more.

Yet, the memory lingered, etched into the very stone of Crank Caverns, a cautionary tale of wrath and retribution. The villagers continued to speak in hushed tones of that fateful day, of the soldiers who dared defy the darkness.

And so, Crank stood, its heart scarred but unbroken, the legend of the angry dwarfs forever woven into its history. A reminder that even in the face of malevolence, courage and unity could prevail, banishing the shadows to the depths from whence they came.

By Donald Jay